

FEARLESS

presents



PHANTOM TRAVELS

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the writings presented here are
in no conceptual nor chronological order.
they are snapshots of my ordinary
phenomenal life and where my mind may
end up when i let it travel.

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creation myth 1 (obatala)

slinking down the long chain as
the vapors gathered
something forming in the mind
in the sky, a rumble
vibrations mounting as that mind's
magic began to bring forth vision
manifesting a timeless scenario
a fiercely beautiful cataclysm
from the dust, the play of creation
molded by surc' hands
shaping life as it shifted winds and
sculpted fire

arcenum

lift the stone by the water where
we
once
walked

touch the ripe earth
beneath

seize the blue of that summer sky
distill it w/ the next rain that falls
absorb the fragrance of the afternoon
WEAR IT on your skin and in your hair
freeze our unexpected joy in finding
each other again

jumper

sorrow in the face of the
wafer-thin
girl

child bone borne through
the heart and
arteries of
bedlam
to
be
suspended
in
deathless
flight

she got
the world
figured
out
alright

bird in the hand

it had flown
known heaven as an open sky
hell was the ground below frozen
in the barren winter
the earth so hard and unyielding,
it had to fly on faith alone

it had circled and soared but
those days were over
it had outflown death but
death was so patient

it finally crashed down and
found a place to die
the idea of flight still in
its eye

grey day at the beach

shivering in the relentless rain
the gummy sand nearly deserted
a single kite braving ocean wind,
rose up over the sad rooftops
optimistic, willing to withstand
ALL until the string finally broke.

miracle seeking on manor street

i walk to the tiny bodega that squats
nervously on the dirty street in an
anxious neighborhood awaiting
gentrification

it will likely be crammed to capacity w/
folks chatting in languages i do not speak

i stand in line for the cashier clutching
my orange juice and iced tea while a group
of men excitedly scratch lottery tickets

the asian guy, barefoot in flip flops, in
february cold signals for two more cards

a mother of at least three kids present
sadly discovers she has once again not
won anything

some others view their losing numbers and
silently exit the store

we come from everywhere and nowhere
all wanting the same thing

a bright, life-changing miracle made of
money as we wait knowing they will not
ever lower the price of the american
dream

black balloon

merges w/night, is rising to be
swallowed

how dare i dream of love, of
things NOT borne of pain, when
THAT IS ALL THERE EVER IS
when that's the nature of this
game i must've agreed to play

HOW DARE I DREAM AT ALL
even if dreaming is a right?
how dare i long to be your song
caught mid-flight?

HOW
DARE

I
?
.

conch ear

cool

sucking

shade

D I S T R A C T I O N

it may be good for me to
be away from all the changeling

A C T I O N

body seeks to please the soul w/ mind
in abeyance

future sound spirals in our conch ears
we hear what the sea murmurs

WE ARE NO LONGER ON ANY VERGE
THIS WILL BE HEAVEN

OR

IT

WILL

BE

HELL

mer song

soon time to slip off your fin
the surf is beaming, becoming warm
the sand sends my welcome through
the currents

i long to hear of your travels beneath
and above the waves
i long to see your long hair glistening
w/ shells

how you always regale me w/ tales of
lost islands, submerged cities
come visit me
stretch your golden skin upon the shore
o' swim to me, my pearl, my beauty from
the depths of time and the sea

ghost dance

given the time
that we have

ALL A-GOG
with sweaty hands

your name was carved in sand

PLAY ON!

RAGE AGAINST OBLIVION

let's dance!
ghost will dance

given the lives we share

nautilus pink to midnight blue

you look best in black

BEAUTY
AND
TRUTH

both your wounds

COME ON DANCE!

ghost will dance

i am only HERE
TO GO
WITH
YOU

rare beauty

have you seen my rare beauty?
i was there when she cried
i was not present when she died

we do some things to numb the pain
pain is a motivator i can't live without
if i cry now, it's in reverence not doubt

have you seen my rarest dream?
it dances in a shroud
it evaporates as a cloud
i cannot speak of it aloud for fear
it may disappear forever

my rare beauty marches through chaos
like a soldier
he says that it's a war well worth
fighting for
amid the laughter and sudden danger
pain is no stranger
she slips in through the back door
these fleeting nights
she steals my sleep, kisses my cheek
and asks me to believe in the best
i have to give

a girl with rabbits (for brenda)

lived across the street from me
all through my now murky childhood days
she had all the best toys

it's so easy to romanticize that which
cannot return

people are dying all around us as we grow
older

last july 4th will be the last i shall know
of her

we laughed and held sparklers as we did
some thirty or forty years before w/our
parents yawning, bidding us to go inside and
get to sleep

if our small town would have suddenly
dropped off the face of the earth,
you wouldn't have heard about it then

we swam apart when our waters grew
deeper but never forgot that lost world
of simple joys -
summers filled w/rabbit hutches and
all the best toys

the snow comes
with its own
silence.

i can almost not hear
the buzzing whine of
the alarm clock,
the angry traffic
AND
the incessant
pulverizing heartbeat
OF
THE
NOW
coated, glowing city.

a monolith sits heavy in my memory

i saw the videos that show
your slow then sudden demise
step by step as the years peeled away
placing me back in a time so innocent
w/ distraction

all that stone
those steel benches we sat upon, rusted
the press box in total decay
a rich history left to crumble and to be
hauled away
i went to a place i realized few would even
care to revisit

i was standing on your fabled lawn
squashed between sweaty freaks in
punishing june heat
the casualties that got passed down the line
eyes jammed tightly closed yet still
humming along w/ whatever anthem
was blasting
it was music that helped define an era
which has also sadly gone

remembering jfk stadium in philadelphia
(1926-1992)

Where were you when Lou Reed died?

cat sang some crazy shit
REAL shit
shit that was going down
all around us that maybe
nobody wanted to look at but check this
he was ahead of his time
his shit didn't have to rhyme

he sang about the mean streets and
the way living makes you die
will he be remembered in twenty years time?
will WE be remembered in twenty years time?

he came on so cool and kind of foxy
he did the 80's during the 70's when
everyone was blind
when everyone was high on more false
promises and bullshit lies

he fooled around w/ bowie
probably did mick jagger
those were swingin' times
he wore leather better than most
dude was a poet but now he's a ghost
he sang some deep shit
told the story of our lives half-lived
in secret
mundane and divine

turning leaves

like turning pages of a book
some fall
some stick to shoe bottoms

sad girls nearly smile at the blessed
futility of it all
they sit and stare at the rain
all day long

i want to pick you up
lock you away in a well-stocked
fortress
your veins too visible now, my
treasure, my frail leaf
my tears will replace the rain
they shall be all the water you could
ever need

turning leaves fall serene past my
window
you turn in your sleep as i hold my
breath
you w/ your vivid colors, so unique,
have brought life to me

i know one day we shall break from
the tree, fledglings thrown from
the nest
don't forget to find me there, high
in the air
perhaps there is a sky where we can
fly and be at rest?

plant me under the lilac bush

i will sprout green after a season
brown earth dreams us into being
absorbs all transgressions
turning them into purple blossoms
so supple and fragrant

deanie

we had such wonderful hiding places
who will ever help me to remember them
now that you have made it to that
final hiding place?

adventure was our state of mind
we courted an innocence most sublime
until time shattered us like glass
from a broken picture frame

zephyrus

leave once for pure
your cave more the

love of flowers

i wish see in full
to them sensuous bloom

where meets
the the
sun sea

when and mind
the do
heart agree

passion is worth going mad for

she of sea
smelled the

sweet incarnadine

sky could between flitting
splitting not our shadows
sun wedge

he to dusky twilight
came me at

a sweet salt our we fire
mix and on skin had enough
of savory

for everyone

petals

she dripped ambrosia spoke moonbeams

in the midst
of a WORLD bent on destroying itself
she blew petals into the wind

evidence of a love
so briefly enchanting

SHE SANG A RAINBOW
blew star-chipped kisses
to the moon

people passed her by in
stunned silence

she smiled into the sun and so

was blinded
to their
mindless
chagrin

narcissus

my hand stirs the water
opalescent and thinning
into fog

the morning
milky eyes prepare for
the shock of bright
cutting clear
tiny diamonds sparkling
their worth
they settle to a shimmer as
a thrill grips me
MY REFLECTION!

i gloat alone
i am transparent to be
carried off by the next
ripple

lulled to sleep by nature sounds
lucid only in a swift flash of memory
i hope will haunt me
MY REFLECTION!

cat goddess

obsidian and moonstones under her pillows
she gazes long into the clear quartz and
feels the pulse beat of the earth
she knows when you sleep and reads your
dreams as her mind fills w/ pictures

stealthy on silent paws, she rides the air
her fur stands on end as she connects w/
every breath alive in the night
emerald eyes bright, fixed on her target,
her prize

she moves to the pulse beat and danger
dances wild in a world of night sounds
she arches her back
she winces at firelight, warms her fur
and purrs
the hum of the universe in motion

later, she dabs scent behind each ear
slink's into pearls, instinctively leaps
to hide under the bed at the first peal
of thunder
preening before a hall of mirrors
divining aspects of a personal mythology
she is sleek and certain w/ a fierceness
reserved for any true adversary

she leaps from your lap to lie in a pool of
golden sunlight
her athletic grace unmatched
her sense of poise never compromised
her balance keen and precise
she licks her lips and luxuriates like
a lounging seductress

dug in [dream]

under a slope

come a cold season

splinter of warm light

gives me hope

i will surface

when i am ready

after all of
the snow
has gone

autumn rain
grey as slate
saint francis shivers
in the garden
pulls his robes a little
tighter,
closer to himself

out by the swamp cooler

you ached to tell me goodbye
you held tightly to your cigarette and to
your reserve
it was time to grow up you said
"i now have to move on"

i studied the tire tracks carved in fresh mud
until my vision nearly blurred
i clung to the bottle as if to my life
the moon hung low over the ghostly trailer
park across the road

i could hear engines revving amid drunken
laughter growing sadder w/ the sunset
i knelt as if to reach for the pieces of my
shattered heart

you looked away to the abandoned smoke
stacks to the east
change often shows up uninvited in time
to rip the boy out of the man
out by the swamp cooler where you first
held my hand
the charred fire pit and collapsed chassis
seemed to moan for better days
the rotting metal described me perfectly
as i finally stood to view these
surroundings one last time before
vanishing like the sun into some kind of
forlorn haze

julia vinograd has died

but berkeley's been long dead
poet-legend full of grace
your brave soul now hurtling
into space and i pray,
a rent-free arrangement

ice in space

cold corridor

latch-key kid let yourself in

the lost / the last outpost

before it gets as cold as

ice in space.

sunshine superman

your cape is frayed around the edges
it's OK to relax
you've taxed your powers to the max

sunshine superman
the villians are tougher now
you don't know how to defeat them

your eyes burn w/indignation
you are spinning in circles w/no destination
it may be time for you to retire before you
burn up in your own frustration

i know to slow down seems too hard
your mind so used to moving fast what
you cannot out run, you should discard
i fear your glory days have passed
your once-mighty roar has become a
gasping for air

Joanne kyger has also died

i never found my bolinas
kept apart from any scene
i've gone to bed w/ the devil and have
woken up as jesus While
jelly belly buddha slept between us
i think of those amber, glowing days
and nights on alien beaches
you became a frontier while i remain
here, nearly speechless - where words
do not reach but still climb

star
booty
pirated from
some
unblinking
sky

during a sly
moment of
magic

held frozen
in
the
mind's
eye

plunging to earth as
flame

We
solidify
with
oceanic
alchemy

souls collide
AND
i
loved it

laughed as you slipped on skin

i traced the bracken sliding
off

your
body

it was time to begin again

i sense a possible thawing

if we gather 'round

the world's still frozen

heart

AND

beat

with it

AND

breath

with it

blowing UPON it w/ our

warm

collective

BREATH as WE

link hands

in

an

imagined

circle

etc

WE may eventually thaw

IT

?

love was a long veil

claimed by a wind
revered and silent
we clutched it tight but it had
designs, whims all its own

we held on through a deadening winter
when threatened, we sought to keep our
senses sharp
our spring did indeed return, round and
full
a shapely, expectant season

i was lost all summer long
tangled in a fragrant exploration of
the senses
pleasure ran like a swift river
over rocks

autumn came to claim us again like a
bright fire sent to cleanse as we attempted
to shed any trace of the past
momentarily bereft, sensing a loss,
i became mute for a time

how happy i was to come upon you singing,
sitting on a hill, sharpening verse that
cut clear as crystal
we had a pure knowledge, deep and deadly
we had motive and time to kill

and my heart
sticky
sickly
thing

you want a piece
you make a grab
i just laugh
roll over and
bleed alone

and my heart insists
it's a thing
you know
more than an organ
performing functions
necessary for survival

we have survived so much shit
what's one more big, steaming pile of it?

be brave brothers and sisters
this world has fallen so low even
lucifer is not smiling
he seems confused, vexed
he's placed no hex upon my heart

you want a piece
you want it all
swallow the whole thing
yes, baby, run fast
get the fuck out
while you can

i will not warn you again

my heart is weak and feeble and fucking fierce

AND

my heart has x-ray vision for it's own protection

A N D

you were
so easy
to see through

